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# The Philistine

A Periodical of Protest

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*The epithet you apply to another man, probably fits yourself best.*

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AUGUST, 1903



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—Bishop Potter to George H. Daniels.

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No writer really knows when he strikes thirteen. For instance, there was that *Message to Garcia*—run right in with no heading—and lo! the round world took it up. ¶ And now comes along a Sermonette about the ELKS, and every copy of "The Philistine" that contained the article disappears in a week. Some of the boys wanted it printed specially for framing and hanging in lodge rooms, dens or libraries, and so we did a few copies in bold-face type on single sheets of Japan Vellum, for framing. These we have illuminated by hand after the Magna Charta manner, making a genuine work of art. The price? Oh, yes! only one dollar each—and signed by the perpetrator. Address

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**T**HE New England Lecture Lyceum was at its finest flower about 1858. The men who made it the power that it was, were Wendell Phillips, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Edwin Hubbell Chapin, Henry Ward Beecher and Starr King. Chapin once said: "Starr King is the only speaker who sets a pace I cannot follow," and Beecher said: "Chapin is the only orator in the world of whom I am jealous." And Edward Everett Hale recently said: "Starr King was my nearest, dearest friend. I often hear his deep, melodious, vibrating voice now, in my dreams, although he has been dead fifty years." In Dr. Hale's Church is a most beautiful window, done by William Morris in memory of Starr King. In Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, is his statue in bronze. Von Liebig says the Starr Piano has the sweet, sustained, exquisitely modulated quality remembered in the voice of Starr King. The Starr Piano is not perfect—but almost.

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abate,  
Help me with scorn and strengthen  
me with hate.

—John Davidson



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# The Philistine

Vol. 17

AUGUST, 1903

No. 3

Well, am I sober now,—or am I Drunk?  
At least you will admit I have not Shrunk  
From calling Spades by name; nor ever yet  
Have sold my Birthright for a Pot of Junk.



## Heart to Heart Talks with Philistines by the Pastor of His Flock



THE Mormons live in Utah—about a hundred and fifty thousand of them. Then there are a hundred thousand more scattered all over the world. The success of the Mormons was due to the masterly brain of Brigham Young, who began active life as a house painter. In 1847, when forty-six years of age, he started for the far west with a company of one hundred and forty-seven men and two women and founded Zion City, now called Salt Lake City.

Brigham Young was a farmer, stock-raiser, manufacturer, merchant and preacher.

The word "Mormon" comes from Moroni—

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the name of the angel who appeared to Joseph Smith and told him things. Angels all have names, just like folks. This is necessary to protect their property rights, otherwise their robes, when sent to the laundry, would never come back. If angels had no names they would simply be "Say," or "Ah, there!" or "Young fellow," or "John." This angel, Moroni, was evidently Italian, although we get the English variation, "Mormon," and the Celtic, thus, "Moriarity." ❀ ❀

The Mormons do not call themselves Mormons — they are "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," which they shorten to "The Saints" or "The Latter Day Saints" in common parlance. The word Mormon was first flung in contempt, like the words Methodist and Quaker, and it has stuck like a mud-ball. ¶ Joseph Smith founded the Church in 1830, at the village of Fayette in Central New York. Fayette is in Seneca County, only a little way from where Bob Ingersoll was born. Not far away the Fox Sisters heard the rappings which gave goose-flesh to half a continent, and near at hand, later, a man dug up the Cardiff Giant. ¶ East Aurora is clear to the other end of the state ❀ ❀ ❀

Joseph Smith was born in 1805 of poor but

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honest parents. He was a sort of canary bird hatched in a crow's nest. He was nervous, sensitive, psychic, clairvoyant. He heard things and saw things, and frightened his mother into hysterics, and confounded the elders when he was wrestling adolescence. He asked questions nobody could answer, and said things nobody could understand.

Wise men came from Syracuse and Utica and said he was the Messiah. He sort of took their word for it. I cannot, however, find that Joseph Smith ever claimed he was the Messiah, but he looked wise, rolled his eyes, let an air of mystery enfold him, and called himself a Prophet. He was a religious mystic—the kind the doctors now treat with hyper-phosphites and massage.

¶ This young man had powers he could not fathom, and he fell a victim to them. And to strengthen himself in the minds of the pop-eyed neighbors, he amended his peculiar abilities with a bit of harmless chicanery. Foolish people often say that spiritualism is fraud—that is a mistake, it is only half fraud, and sometimes innocent fraud at that. Spiritualism is not built on fraud—spiritualism is fraud built on truth. Young Smith found somewhere a dozen old stereotype plates, and these he buried in the ground and then dug them up. He showed

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these plates to eight of the aforesaid pop-eyed agrarians who pulled their whiskers and made solemn oath that they saw them. They could not read these plates—they were in a strange language—Dutch or Something—they just saw the plates and fell on their knees when Joseph Smith told them that the Angel Moroni had directed him where to dig for them. Joseph also found a fairly good No. Six Urim and Thummim, which was buried with the plates, and anybody who owns a good Urim and Thummim has forever the gift of tongues and the power of prophecy ❀ ❀

The plates disappeared, but this young Joseph Smith, with the big bulging forehead, shortly after produced MSS. which he said were a translation from the plates buried by God, and dug up by himself on request of the Angel Moroni ❀ ❀

The book was printed, and is called "The Book of Mormon." ❀ ❀

It purports to be a history for a thousand years of the tribe of Joseph which emigrated to America 600 B. C. And it also records the interesting fact that Jesus Christ was reincarnated in America after His death in Jerusalem.

I have read the book with care. It is diverse, diffuse, discursive and laboriously archaic. It

contains glimpses of good ethics, and seeks to amend and make plain both the Old and the New Testament and still carry the idea that the writer never heard of either. By having the tribe of Joseph move to America, the Garden of Eden story is corroborated: Baptism by immersion is urged; many of the sayings of Jesus are paraphrased; and prophecies, indirect yet obvious, are made concerning Joseph Smith and the Church of the Latter Day Saints of Jesus Christ. Joseph Smith guessed what Jesus would say if He came to America, and guessed pretty well ❀❀

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Chatterton did better than Smith, although they have points in common. Edgar A. Poe could have given Joseph Smith twenty yards the start and beaten him to a standstill. Ambrose Bierce can do a better job any week with one hand ❀❀

People sometimes call "The Book of Mormon," "The Mormon Bible." But this is misleading—the Mormons are Christians and believe most implicitly in the Bible, and they further believe in the Book of Mormon. I also believe in the Bible, the Book of Mormon, and in all bound volumes of THE PHILISTINE. All these are the Word of God. My brother, John E. Roberts, of Kansas City, says, "Shakespeare,

THE PHI- Browning, Whitman, Thoreau and Emerson,  
LISTINE were all Prophets of God and knew more than  
did Isaiah, Koheleth, Habukkuk and Jeremiah."

¶ The "Ladies' Home Journal" and "Munsey's" are not inspired, being produced for pelf. All things that leap hot from human hearts are inspired. The words may be truth to us or half truth—but they always contain some truth—they reveal the man's point of view and are truth to him. Truth is relative. And anyway, to get pure truth the reader must be inspired just as much as the writer. Words alone express nothing—words are a make-shift, an expedient, an attempt to convey a meaning.

The written English language is a scheme—crude and rude—to convey thoughts by the use of twenty-six letters or symbols placed in certain ways. But by this scheme you can only convey ideas to the man who knows. Reading a book is a collaboration between the reader and the writer, just as music is a collaboration between the listener and the performer.

So remember this, inspired writers require inspired readers.

And words of wisdom will ever be interpreted by fools according to their folly, and words of foolishness will sometimes have truth read into them by guileless minds.



Joseph Smith's story of the graven plates is just the Mosaic tale told again. If God once supplied Moses tablets of stone, why should He not now make stereotype plates for Smith? He changeth not.

None of the miracles recorded in the Book of Mormon are any more difficult to understand and believe than those related in the Bible. And every phase of Mormon life, including polygamy, finds its authorization in the so-called Word of God.

The Mormons are Christians, and quite as good citizens—just as intelligent, just as hospitable, just as kind, as are the Baptists, Methodists or Presbyterians.

One thing sure—the Roman Catholic Church has no place in Utah. The Church of the Latter Day Saints has nearly as good an organization and seems to surpass it at several points. It is an American Church—born in America for American needs, and built on a Christ who manifested Himself in America. The Book of Mormon is an American sequel to the Bible, just as the New Testament is a sequel to the Old. If Christ manifested Himself in Asia, why should n't He come to America? So far as I know, Joseph Smith was quite as intelligent and just as reliable as John the Disciple.

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All denominations are needed—they fit a certain type or temperament. Down in Pennsylvania they break up the coal and send it tumbling thru various sieves, and each size finds its place in a separate bin. If sects did not serve mankind, they would never have been evolved—each sect catches a certain sized man. A reasonable amount of superstition is a good thing for certain folks—it is a requirement of the human mind: it is an aid to the imagination—the fairy tale is not bad for children. And most men are merely children grown large. The child will throw it away or put a new interpretation upon it at the proper time. A superstition is a crutch—no man will keep it any longer than he needs it—don't take it away from him, leave him alone and let him throw it away for himself. How men have fought for their superstitions—fought and won, and then flung away the thing for which they fought, having found its worthlessness! The wars of the world have mostly been caused by zealots who were trying to make men exchange one set of superstitions for another. All are good—all are bad—it depends upon your point of view.

What we microbes think of God does not make much difference to God—we can only mirror ourselves. We see our highest ideals reflected

and call them "God." As we change our ideals, **THE PHI-**  
we change our God. God is getting better all **LISTINE**  
the time—higher, nobler, wiser, gentler, kinder.  
We are parts and particles of God—God's in  
His heaven—which is right here—all's right  
with the world.

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I attended the Tabernacle, that most marvelous building erected long before the railroad ran to Salt Lake. I saw six thousand people take part in the religious service—heard addresses by Mormon Elders, listened to a well-trained choir of five hundred voices and was delighted by the playing on that marvelous organ, second in size in America. The people were well dressed, bright, cheerful, healthy. There is no race suicide in Utah. A beautiful woman of sixty, with whom I conversed, said to me, "God has blessed me greatly—I have borne twelve children, all are alive and well—there are seven of them over there—see! all strong men and women. My sister had nine children—we came here together, my sister and I, in 1864, and married the same man. He passed away two years ago—we all loved and revered him in life, and my sister and I and our children live in loving memory of him now. He grew rich, but we all worked, and I

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have brought my children up to be useful. My husband never spoke to us an unkind word, nor caused us one moment's pain. Two of my sons graduated at Yale, and one at Harvard. That was one of my sister's sons you heard speak this afternoon—he speaks all European languages, and has just returned from Germany where he has been for a year!"

We sat there in the Tabernacle, after the services, and this gray-haired gentle mother in Israel chatted on. Now and then she paused—I had nothing to say. A flood of emotions swept over me. This woman was the embodiment of mother-love, and her heart was filled with religious fervor.

"My sister and I married the same man. God has greatly blessed me—I have borne twelve children. He never spoke to us an unkind word—we live in loving memory of him." . . .

I said nothing, because there was nothing to say. I thought of a man back East who has one wife, and when this man goes on a business trip he knows that probably every evening he is away, another man will be in his parlor and turn the music while this wife sings to him. And then when the husband returns this wife will have a bundle of prevarications ready-made for instant use. She spends every dollar she can

get, runs her husband in debt, and tells sad tales to the neighbors about how she is sacrificing her life for an unappreciative wretch.

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I thought of another man in Chicago who was granted a divorce because his wife loved a bulldog more than she did him, and insisted on having the dog sleep in their bed. When the husband protested, she spat in his face, dared him to strike her, and declared she would kiss the undertaker when he died—which she prayed God would be soon. Judge Waterman granted the divorce after this little preliminary:

"You say," said the Judge to the woman, "you love the dog more than you do your husband?"

¶ "Yes, and this is because the dog is much more lovable than the man," answered the lady in half-apology, pulling on her lace handkerchief.

¶ "Then I'll not divorce you from the dog. You may live with him forever, but we will just enter a decree in favor of the man. And I would like to here announce that any man in Illinois who has a wife that loves a dog more than she does him, can get quick relief in this court—Next!" \* \* \*

Had this man just mentioned lived in New York or South Carolina, he would have been chained to this creature for life.

I thought of the many married couples who do

**THE PHILISTINE** not heave crockery at each other—but the desire is often there. You do not do away with danger by removing the indicator.

I thought of monogamous marriages where little children run and hide when they hear the coming footsteps of their father; of drunken men who beat their wives, and of others who quibble, quarrel and make their house a hell. And I asked myself this question—"Is monogamy wholly good?" And the inward answer was, "It may be and it may not."

And then I asked myself this question, "Is polygamy wholly bad?" And the inward answer was, "It may be and it may not!"

Monogamy is not necessarily the beautiful picture of unselfish love that the story books show, and polygamy is not the shameful thing that the W. C. T. U. of Connecticut think.

A man in Utah may have three wives, and treat all with infinite tenderness; and another man may live in Boston and have one wife, and use her to bat up flies.

Wild ducks are monogamous, but domesticate them and they become polygamous; the coyote is monogamous, while the mountain sheep is polygamous—and God seems to smile on each and all according to their needs. Laws for the suppression of polygamy are made by men

"imperfectly monogamous," and are founded on the idea that man by nature is base and his soul defiled. We doubt that proposition now—we are having more faith in Nature, and as our faith in God increases we govern less—men want to do what is right, and they will if not too much interfered with.

The female fish lays her eggs, and a male fish comes along shortly after, swims over them and fertilizes them. This male fish may not even be on speaking terms with the fish that laid the eggs, he just knows by instinct that she belongs to his species, and this is all he cares. The promiscuous man is not much beyond the fish; but polygamy demands a degree of affinity—there is choice and there is loyalty. ¶ Still higher in the scale a man is found who demands his mental and spiritual mate. The thought of a relationship with any other is not for him—his desire is for his own.

Ann Eliza, impresarioed by Major Pond at so much per, gave her side—the side of a passionate, tumultuous, barren woman, thwarted in her love. Escaped nuns are not reliable, and Black Dwarfs who vomit forth vituperation are unsafe authority. These all hate themselves and think it is some one else they despise. We smile. As this magazine is not published either for

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children or fools, I wish here to set down a few very plain facts—facts given to me by a prominent Gentile physician in Salt Lake; and facts, too, that will be backed up by men who know the world and dare speak the truth. As for conclusions, I have faith in my readers, let them think it out.

The Mormon men and women have always been, and are now, true to their marriage ties. ¶ Polygamy and prostitution are never found together ¶

Prostitution and monogamy often go together. ¶ Over one-half of the support of prostitutes everywhere, comes from married men.

Venereal disease goes with prostitution, but is absolutely unknown among the Mormons or other polygamists.

The children of polygamous marriages are stronger in physique than the present average among Gentiles in Salt Lake—this because they have stronger mothers. Polygamous men will not marry invalid women. And plural wives are far better life risks than old maids. Old maids are virgins, and bachelor girls may be. "Crime," says Nietzsche, "is man's involuntary protest against government—man was made to be free."



In the states where polygamy is tabu you have promiscuity, and the genius of a Parkhurst backed by the police and the power of Christendom are unable to suppress it. Herbert Spencer once wrote this line, "Polygamy seems to be a variant of man's search for his mate," but no writer ever dare say as much for prostitution ❀ ❀

The man who finds his mate will want no other wife. His heart is full—his life is rounded by love—complete. Few men, perhaps, are worthy and able to appreciate a God-given mate who is at once comrade, counsellor, friend and wife. For the man who has such a wife, polygamy would be repulsive, wicked, wrong—he would none of it ❀ ❀

And yet why should this man worry himself about the man a thousand miles away who has two wives or three? If the wives are willing, whose business is it?

We make laws against murder, because men object to being killed. We make laws against larceny, because we do not care to have our property stolen. But love and marriage are private matters, and beyond providing that a man should not allow his wife and children to become public charges, the government should keep its coarse hands off.

**THE PHILISTINE** Before the Gentiles came packing into Utah there were no paupers, no gamblers, no prostitutes, no drunkards in Salt Lake. There were no jails, no alms-houses, no hospitals—because there was no need of them. Now Salt Lake has all of these attributes of the “higher civilization.” But let this fact be stated—and no Gentile in Utah will deny it—the paupers, prostitutes, drunkards and gamblers in Salt Lake are not Mormons. But Mormons are men. They know that Joseph Smith, the founder of their Church, was assassinated by a religious mob; they know that the early Mormons were persecuted, robbed, maimed and driven into the desert. And so it happened that in early days, no doubt, they often resisted what they deemed encroachment, and human blood was shed. But these things were the mere necessary concomitants of pioneer life. To accuse the Mormon Church of countenancing murder is to repeat the A. P. A. tales told by renegade Catholics, or to rehash the alleged murder of Morgan by the Masons. By their fruits ye shall know them. You cannot gather figs from thistles. These people are temperate, industrious, frugal, kind. They are primitive Christians and in their general habit of life very much like the Mennonites and Dunkards. Their religion is a

So

## A Large Oval Time



**B**UTTINSKY of the Buttinsky-family-Robinson was not there—just the Elect! There were five hundred and sixty-one present, and they came from John O' Groat's to the Isle of Ceylon, and all that lies between, to sit down at meat with Ali Baba at the Annual Dinner of the Immortals, in the Grove at East Aurora.

Nine speakers were present, primed for moose, and the speakers were these: Rev. Madison C. Peters, George Wharton James, Rev. John E. Roberts, John Temple Graves, Col. Andrew S. Rowan, James Whitcomb Riley, George H. Daniels, and Byron W. King, worthy kinsman of Starr King, with seven good men and true on the bleachers, as substitutes to bring in pratorical vibrations should any of the others disappear beneath the table, overcome by modesty.

The Chairman was Dr. Silas Hubbard, author of the author of "A Message to Garcia." He introduced Byron W. King first, as the last shall be first. Besides that, the good Doctor

did n't know the man, except by sight, and as he saw that Byron had a marked queerity of aspect, a sort of gibosity of expression, he thought it would be well to let His Pulchritudes fan the breeze and strike himself out at once, and so he called him to the oratorical bat.

Byron opened up adagio and spoke about nothing for a minute, and then he paused and smiled—a smile that was contagious. That smile won all, and when he began again it was with an understanding—platitudes were to be left behind and truism waived. He had met the audience and they were his.

The general topic of the meeting was, "What Shall we do with our Life?" As Byron opened up the andante stops and wound into his theme, the air became charged with reasons. He ceased to be King of Pittsburg and became a messenger from On High.

The speakers had been cautioned not to talk over twenty minutes each—King spoke for an hour and forty minutes because the audience would not let him stop. After him no one would unlimber his logic, and all the eloquence was bottled for later sessions. Hearts were full and tongues were dumb. But there was a desire to see the man who carried the "Message," and so Andrew S. Rowan came forward. "He has

the chance of his life to make a fool of himself," whispered an aqua fortis lady from Kansas City. But Rowan did n't. He was as modest as a girl, and his mellisonant voice, as he read his little three-minute paper, without a single reference to himself, was as fine in its way as King's oration. The man who has taken his life in his vest pocket and done the Nathan Hale act a score of times does n't have to talk.

Q So closed the Dinner; one thing had been planned, fate and feeling pied the forms. But look you, Brother Byron; you are a practical speaker with twenty winters of lyceum work behind, yet never before did you speak so well, and never again will you equal that speech to the Immortals. Those who heard you will never forget you, and as the Pundit Dharmapala from India said, with tear-filled eyes, "It was worth traveling eight thousand miles to hear that man pack the pauses with-feeling." Frederick Nietsche once said this: "Life is that which continually surpasses itself." You surpassed yourself, Byron, and the reason was because you spoke to those who were your intellectual equals—to a combination of head and heart such as you never met before.

Oratory is a collaboration. Truths known by an audience remain sterile until the man of

power vitalizes its dreams. The audience that has listened to sublime oratory can be pardoned if it takes a bit of credit to itself. Oratory, like a great love, is for the worthy.



## AN INVESTMENT IN IMMORTALITY

**A** LIFE Membership in Philistia, otherwise called the American Academy of Immortals, secures to you all back numbers of the "Philistine" magazine we have on hand, and one copy of the magazine as issued for 99 years, but no longer; all "Little Journeys" beginning with current volume; and also other valuable specimens of literature and the printing art. The bound volumes and the Roycroft Books that are sent to each new member are worth, at regular prices, more than Ten Dollars. One payment does the trick for 99 years. Address

THE PHILISTINE  
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

vital thing to them—they speak the truth, keep their promises, and if a man is a Mormon, his credit is good for anything he wants at any store or bank in Salt Lake, be it kept by Jew or Gentile ❀ ❀

THE PHI-  
LISTINE

I notice that whenever the S. P. Y. C. or the X. Y. B. Z. holds a convention, that things are never complete until resolutions are passed denouncing the Mormons. For the Mormon there is no closed season—all denominations snipe him as lawful prey. Russian prejudice toward the Jews is not more bitter than the feeling often expressed by professing Christians toward the Mormons. However, this, I think, holds: the sects or societies given to sniping, pot their own members between times to keep their hands in. ¶ “There is n’t brimstone enough in hell for all the folks you say are going there,” said the objector.

“I know, I know,” responded the darkey preacher, “but everybody who goes to hell carries his own brimstone.” The Mormons need not reply to the precious prevaricators—leave ‘em alone—the prevaricators will be feeling for each others’ jugulars to-morrow.

And thus are the unities preserved.

Use no hooks.

**THE PHI-  
LISTINE**

With Mormonism, the man stands as the head of the house, just as Christ is the head of the Church, to use the Paulian symbol. To the wife and children, he is Lord-God. This Lord-God has a home where he lives, and this home is with the particular wife who gives him peace—and other things being equal, who is the best cook ❀ ❀

His other wives live in homes of their own, near at hand or miles away. When the Lord-God goes to see them, he goes as a visitor. He wears his biled shirt, and makes himself agreeable. Men are not rough and brutal with women, excepting where the women have a clutch on them. The caller is always kind. The man who is exacting and small is the one who would like to go calling, but is pinned down, and can't. And if he could, perhaps he would n't, so contradictory is man's nature.

Polygamy puts woman on her good behavior. If a wife wanted to cultivate a bull-dog, and make herself unlovely, why she could do it—her liege would leave her alone, and this would be her punishment. Man is not a thinking animal—he is won on the side of his feelings. His heart is very close to his digestive apparatus. He goes where things are most agreeable. And so among polygamous Mormons, there



is always a gentle rivalry among the wives as to who can treat the Lord-God best.

## THE PHILISTINE

Polygamous husbands are not brutal—they are proud, patronizing, kind, with long whiskers. They seek to make a reputation for godliness, because they ever have their eye on still another wife, and only by excellence is annexation possible. An extra wife is a reward given by the Church for well-doing.

There seems to be an idea among ignorant people that Mormons support their wives in idleness, just as the Turks do. But the fact is the Mormon women really support themselves. Such thrift I never saw as on some of those little ten-acre, irrigated farms! Cows, sheep, chickens, fruit and vegetables, and all managed by a woman and her six or eight children. No servants, none have a Thursday, and the mother so all bound up in her children that to be relieved of a husband is often a blessing!

Women with no babies, or possibly one, who live in a flat, want a man all to themselves, and they also often seize the privilege of making eyes at several other men. The fewer the babies the more necessary is the man, and the more babies the less need of the Lord-God—paradoxical as it may seem. The need of the man decreases in inverse ratio to the square of the

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LISTINE**

babies. ¶ It will readily be seen that polygamy goes only with a people who live in a very sparsely settled country where babies are at a premium. Among no other is it possible.

Polygamy does not debase nor prostitute woman. It simply prevents her evolution. In polygamy, there can be no equality—woman is forever an underling. In intellect she can never rise to man's estate and walk with him hand in hand. Man is her master—therein lies the curse to both ❀ ❀

The Mormons have no paid priests nor preachers. The Elders as well as the Apostles all have a business, trade or profession. They speak in public when they have a message. "A priestly class is a menace to society," said Brigham Young. Of course, I know that the Mormon Evangelists seem to form a priestly class, but if they do they overstep the philosophy of Brigham Young, which was that every man should earn his living and not take money for preaching. In this, Brigham Young surely showed himself a true prophet. The meagerness of the average preacher's salary proves that civilization is trying to starve him out—force him to go to work. We need no "pastoral calls." When the priest was doctor, teacher and counsellor, it was right and proper that he should

## THE PHI- LISTINE

make the rounds—now he is only a carrier of gossip, a bearer of tales. These idle men in solemn black, busying themselves with the inutile and dallying with the inept, who go about "doing good," serve no spiritual nor economic purpose. Their ministering to the weak only makes the weak weaker. Let them go to work, and then when they meet people socially it will be incidentally, and as equals. If there is anything superior in the man, make sure of this, it will manifest itself, and Society will get the good of it. By living as other men live, the preacher will grow to know the needs of men, and power will take the place of pretence.

The professional preacher is apt to regard himself as the agent of Deity; he is both omniscient and omnipresent. He knows what everybody is doing, night or day, and having no business of his own, his business is to look after other folks' business. "As a town gossip no woman can hope to rival a priest," said Voltaire. "Work is a ballast against introspection and meddling," said William Morris.

When the Edmunds Law was passed, President Cleveland made a stern effort to suppress polygamy. Not that Cleveland had any conscience in this matter, but he wanted to please and placate the religious people of the Eastern

**THE PHI-  
LISTINE**

States. A search light had been thrown upon his own private life, and here was a chance to get back on solid footing. It is nothing against Cleveland to say that, starting out as a radical—a man of the people—he brought up in Wall Street. That men who live lives of promiscuity, put their children without names in almshouses, run the gamut of sensuality, and, having drunk life to its lees, marry virtuous women, join an orthodox church, and then use their power to force other people into their new mode of life with come-alongs, night-sticks and hurry-up wagons—all this I say only proves their common clay. It is the thing men have done since time began.

I talked with an Ex-Federal Judge sent to Utah by President Cleveland with this one order: Suppress polygamy. Prying deputies raided private houses, spied at windows, followed men and women by night and day, and the result was many arrests, and some convictions. But the cause of virtue cannot be especially helped by hired Pinkertons brought from Chicago. This Judge told me that he came here regarding the Mormons as law-breakers—he would correct their evil ways even though he fell a martyr to their "Avenging Angels." A deputy guarded him: he went heavily armed.

¶ But soon he saw he was in no danger, excepting from his own prejudices. The patience, forbearance and consistency of these Latter Day Saints won him; he looked into his own heart and saw they were better men than he. He did not believe in their bible, and their theology did not appeal to him, but when the wives and children of an accused man came into the court room and asked to share the man's punishment, he hesitated. Edmunds of Vermont was all right in Vermont, and as for President Cleveland, the man had never been west of Chicago. The Mormons were not disturbing anybody. # #

The Judge was on the point of resigning his office, when an unforeseen event occurred—Utah applied for statehood. It was a master move—a great diplomatic stroke.

The Judge—a trained lawyer—saw the intent, and knew that he could help these people by remaining on the bench. If the Territory of Utah was made a state, the Federal Government would then have no business to interfere in domestic matters. The Judge used his influence in bringing about statehood, thereby abolishing, practically, his own office. ¶ The Territory became a State, the snooping deputies were sent back to Chicago, the arrests ceased.

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LISTINE**

And about polygamy? Well, it goes on very much the same as before. The Mormons, young and old, believe in polygamy. Men's convictions are not changed by laws made at Washington—children born of polygamous marriages, grown to manhood, do not renounce their parents. Polygamy is not a vital matter in the Mormon Church—it is merely incidental, and is a matter that seems to go naturally with a pioneer life. Very few plural marriages are now being contracted in Utah, simply because the young people prefer monogamy. But plural wives, married before the Edmunds law was passed, have never been repudiated nor turned adrift. The matter left alone will adjust itself.

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One day Stevie Crane (dead and gone and turned to dust) said to me, "Speaking of Howells"—remarked Stevie—Howells had n't been mentioned—"Speaking of Howells—I hate the rogue—he is too dam successful!"

And that was all Stevie had against Howells. The real fact was, Stevie did n't hate anybody, although his language was often chrome yellow, tinged with lurid purple and Hunter's green, and made you think of the clouds in Turner's "Slave Ship." Stevie simply had a way of sending a great truth home by antithesis. If

Stevie wanted to show his affection for you, he would do it, like as nuff, by calling you bad names ♣ ♣

But the heart understands. I 'd rather be called bad names by a man who did n't mean it, than to be lovey-dovey duckied by a woman who did n't mean it either. Selah!

What 's the matter with the Mormons? I 'll tell you—they are too successful. They have simply gone ahead, done their work, and by their lives disproved some of our finest theories.

We hate them.

We hate them first and then we skirmish for reasons for hating them afterward. And when you begin to hate a man, reasons are plenty as blackberries. We can always find excuse for hating a person that we wish to hate.

I make no argument for Mormon theology, but I would be glad, however, if I could fling a bit of common sense into the balance, to offset, even in slight degree, the stupidity and ignorance that still exist in many quarters toward the Mormons. Is it not most presumptuous that the Eastern States, with their marital miseries that congest every divorce court docket—is it not presumptuous that they should seek to supervise the domestic affairs of a people two thousand miles away—a people, too, that sur-

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LISTINE**

pass them in general intelligence and all that makes for peace and excellence?

The cry that polygamy is a menace to the home, is not corroborated by the facts. Ninety-five per cent of the homes of Mormons are owned by the occupants; while less than six per cent of the residents of New York City own homes. And we have recently heard the statement made that children are positively tabu in Manhattan apartment houses. Is monogamy the corner stone of the home? I think not. I should say that motherhood is. The birds of the air have nests, the foxes have holes, and the lioness has her lair—all these are that motherhood may protect its young. A married couple without children need no home—they are quite comfortable in a hotel.

Morality is largely a matter of Geography. As Hancock said of the tariff, "It is a local issue." If polygamy is a bad thing for Utah, the people there will find it out for themselves. Pigmy statesmen in Ohio should seek fame in other ways—to take up a popular howl is so easy, that the honors therefrom are bargain-day. Let the Connecticut W. C. T. U. do its dishes and attend to its knitting.

The real danger of Mormonism lies in the fact that there is a "Mormon vote" that can be



placed this way or that on two days' notice. **THE PHI-  
LISTINE**  
Church power is always dangerous, for all churches are run by men, and things are only safe where parties are pretty evenly divided. But let us take courage—Salt Lake City is now a Gentile town, and the opposition of forces that holds the planets in their places will not play false here. Please pass the brown bread.



God always gives us strength to bear the troubles of each day; but He never calculated on our piling the troubles past and those to come, on top of those of to-day.



One can bear grief alone,  
But it takes two to be glad.



**HAT** is the way I wrote it. I thought it was pretty fairish and so I flashed it on Ali Baba. It was a rainy day and we were in the barn, picking the sprouts off of the potatoes.

The first time I passed it out, the ol' man said nothing, and so I tried it again. I guess Ali was doing what he calls thinking, for this time he

**THE PHILISTINE** said, " Hell! there 's nothin' in it—just sounds well. Literature is deceivin' folks into the idee that you are smart. How 're these :

" One can be good alone,  
But it takes two to be bad.

" One can be bad alone,  
But it takes two to be good.

" One can get an education alone,  
But it takes two to be wise.

" One can be reckless alone,  
But two should be careful.

" One can be wise alone,  
But it takes two to be a fool.

" One can be a fool alone,  
But often two fools are one.

" One can be had (if you have the change),  
But it takes three to be sad.

" Two can, be-dad! be bad,  
But it takes one to be a cad.

" One can start a fad,  
But it takes two to get mad.

" One girl can gad,  
But only after a lad.

" Many women do pad,  
But writers are as bad.

" Most writers do pad,  
But girls are to be had.

"A good East Aurora metaphor is a double-ender, works both ways, and is just as true when you put it t'other-end-to, as it is the other. That's the way you tell the straight goods. If I did n't have all these 'taters to sprout, I'd like to show you a few things."

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LISTINE



No man should be pitied, excepting the one whose future lies behind and whose past is constantly in front of him.



HERE are two kinds of literature—the literature of power and the literature of explanation. For instance, take this: "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him."

There you get the literature of power: it is direct, oracular, virile, masterly. It gives you a feeling of sublimity.

The literature of explanation never begins that way. It starts in first to prove that there is a Lord. Then it takes up the topic of temples, and reveals an intimate knowledge with all kinds of temples. Then it differentiates between holy temples and just plain temples. Facts, figures

**THE PHILISTINE**

and inferences are brought forward to show that the temple is a real temple and also a holy temple, and that the Lord is in it; and gives seven reasons why the earth should keep silence.

¶ Two doubts now grow where there was only one before. Quibbles are supplied, and arguments furnished never before thought of.

The literature of power makes converts; the other kind, infidels.



Over-indulgence in abnegation, and a tipling habit of self-sacrifice, are vices that should be sharply fore-sworn.



**P**N the Puzzle Department of the PHILISTINE for July was this problem: A lawyer collected for his client \$467.50 and charged 5 per cent for his services; how much did the client receive? Up to date nine hundred and sixty-one answers have been received, but only one is correct, and that is the solution sent in by Darwin G. Jones of Atlanta. Mr. Jones works the matter out as follows:

Let X equal the amount the client expected to receive. **THE PHI-LISTINE**

Let I equal the amount he actually got.

Let N equal what he should have received.

We then transpose the symbols according to the law of calculus, and we have the solution thus: N I X, which is what the client got—the lawyer having kept the whole amount he collected, and charged 5 per cent for his services, as stated in the original proposition, sending his client a bill for \$23.37.

This answer is correct and Jonesey goes on the Free List for 999 years.



Your character is your own, but your reputation belongs to the Chicago "Tribune."



Wisdom does not consist in banishing passion, but in purifying it.

When we are disappointed, we are disappointed with ourselves.

The great man is great on account of certain positive qualities that he possesses; not through the absence of faults.

**THE PHI-** To go in search of culture is to accumulate that  
**LISTINE** which is rotten at the core.

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Laughter is the solace of the sad.

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As love goes to those who do not lie in wait for it, so does the big reward gravitate to the patient man.

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If you care to remain in a place and grow with the business, you can never better your position there by striking for higher wages or favors of any kind.

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As we grow better we meet better people.

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To do your work and not be anxious about results is wisdom of the highest order.

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Every life is its own excuse for being, and should be judged as a whole, not in trivial parts.

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Truth is the breath of life to Art; but the fact is the thing that smothers her.

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How can sin be sin, if, through it, I rise to spiritual heights before unguessed?

# EXPERIMENTS

## Learn Things of Value.

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Where one has never made the experiment of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum it is still easy to learn all about it by reading the experiences of others.

Drinking Postum is a pleasant way to get back to health. A man of Lancaster, Pa., says: "My wife was a victim of nervousness and weak stomach and loss of appetite for years and was a physical wreck; although we resorted to numerous methods of relief, one of which was a change from coffee to tea, it was all to no purpose.

"We knew coffee was causing the trouble but could not find anything to take its place and cure the diseases until we tried Postum Food Coffee. In two weeks' time after we quit coffee and used Postum almost all of her troubles had disappeared as if by magic. It was truly wonderful. Her nervousness was all gone, stomach trouble relieved, appetite improved and above all a night's rest was complete and refreshing.

"This sounds like an exaggeration, as it all happened so quickly, but we are prepared to prove it. Each day there is improvement for the better for the Postum is undoubtedly strengthening her and giving her rich red blood and renewed life and vitality. Every particle of this good work is due to Postum and to drinking Postum in place of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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New York

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¶ Shivers' Panetelas, \$5.00 per 100.

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¶ Shivers' Perfectos, \$8.00 per 100.

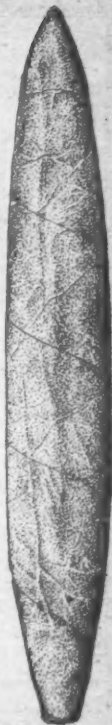
Send me your name and address—no money and let me send you a hundred on approval, express prepaid. That is, after smoking eight or ten of the cigars, if you don't like them, return the remainder and **NO CHARGE**. I will pay return expressage. If you keep the cigars, of course you agree to pay for them within ten days.

Think what this offer means to me. I risk my cigars and expressage both ways for the chance of making a customer. Wouldn't I be a fool to send out poor stuff? Address

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44 North 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

P. S.—Of course, tell me which cigar you wish to try and whether you like light, medium or dark. ¶ Cut represents exact shape and size of Concha Especial.



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**EAST AURORA, NEW YORK**

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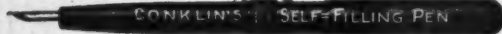
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



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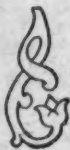
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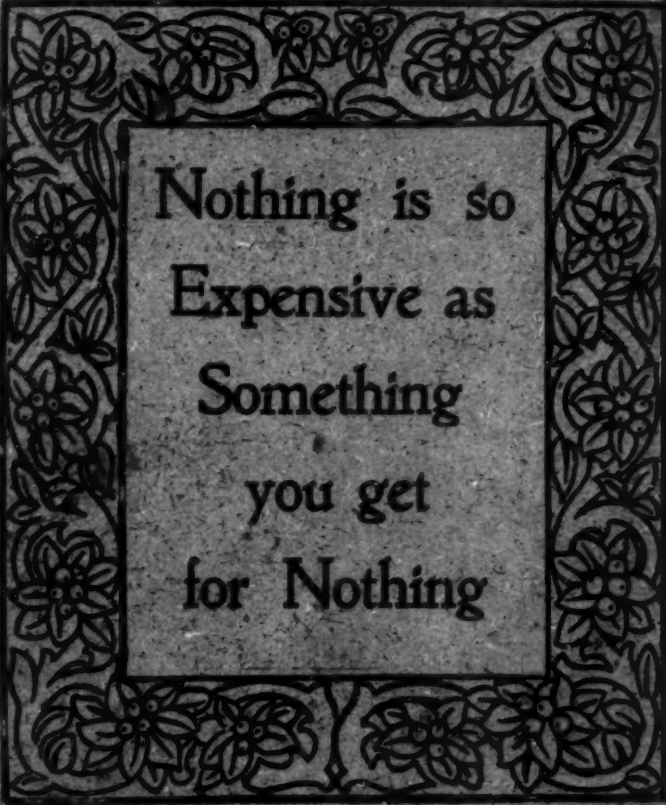
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